

THE  
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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TO THE READERS OF THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

WE hope our young readers will not be impatient that the 'old musket' has failed to fulfil his promise of relating his adventures; indeed we know that they will freely forgive this apparent breach of promise when they learn that his historian has been seized with an illness that attacked her just after she had begun to write down his communications.

Those who have read 'Dombey and Son,' have surely learnt the virtue of patience, and can exercise it now, when they learn that the hand that has contributed to their amusement, is too feeble to hold the pen, and the head too weak to listen, for any length of time, to the voice of a friend, more especially that of a musket.

S. C. C.

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JESUS HEALING THE LEPER.

*Teacher.*—The subject, children of our conversation this morning, is the healing of the leper, related in the

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eightth chapter of Matthew, the four first verses ; do you all remember it, or shall I read it to you ?

*Mary.*—I would rather that you should read it, for I have not found time to read it myself during the week, I have had so many lessons to learn.

*Teacher.*—Think again Mary before you speak, and then tell me if you could not possibly have found time to read fifteen lines.

*Mary.*—I did not think when I spoke ; I have read a story book through, which I need not have read, but then—  
(Mary stopped.)

*Teacher.*—Then what, Mary ? speak out and tell the whole.

*Mary.*—I was interested in the story, so that after I had begun I could not stop ; and then I knew all about that miracle, for I had read it before, when I used to get the Testament by heart at school.

*Teacher.*—You recollect that I asked you all to try and think what this miracle of our Saviour's might, and was intended to teach ; I think that there is a great deal taught by it. I will read it to you ; I wish that all of you would attend, and tell me what you think can be learned from it.

‘ When he was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed him.

And behold, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord if thou wilt thou canst make me clean.

And Jesus put forth his hand and touched him, saying, I will ; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed.

And Jesus saith unto him see thou tell no man ; but go thy way and show thyself to the priest and offer the

gift that Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them.'

Now will you tell me what you learn by this miracle?

*Caroline.*—Why you know that the Jews would not believe that what Jesus said was true, unless he performed miracles to prove it.

*Teacher.*—True, that was the great object of the miracles, but it could not have been the object of this one, for the multitudes that followed him when he came down from the mountain must have left him; otherwise, why should he charge the leper to tell no man? It is probable that none but his disciples were present, and they had already witnessed many miracles, and were fully convinced that Jesus could perform them.

*Mary.*—And now I think of it, the leper must have believed that Jesus could perform miracles, because he says, 'Lord if thou wilt thou canst make me clean;' and you know he worshipped him.

*Teacher.*—That means that he saluted him with great respect and reverence, that he did him homage; this is the meaning of the word worship, in the Bible whenever it is applied to any but God. Your remark is just that the leper already believed in our Saviour's miraculous power, and it may be that his cure was in part the reward of his faith. But this miracle teaches me something more than the divine power that was given to Jesus. Can you not think what it is?

*Jane.*—Is it not his compassion and kindness?

*Teacher.*—It is; but you can hardly think how much tenderness he showed, and how affecting was the lesson of compassion that he taught, unless you know something

of the situation of a leper and what was the common treatment and feeling of the Jews towards any one who had this terrible disorder. The leprosy was a very disgusting disease of the skin; whoever touched persons who had it, or anything that they touched, was in danger of taking it; the law obliged them to live by themselves, for fear they should communicate it to any one, and no one would approach them; they were even obliged to warn every one who came near them that they were unclean. I will read to you from the Old Testament a part of the Jewish law with regard to lepers; you will observe that it is called the plague, and from reading it you may form some idea of the sufferings of a leper.

‘And the leper, in whom the plague is, his clothes shall be rent and his head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his upper lip, and shall, cry unclean, unclean.

All the days wherein the plague shall be in him he shall be defiled; he is unclean; he shall dwell alone.’

In addition to this, if any one ventured to admit him into his house, eat with him or even touch him, he was liable to the same exclusion from society.

You must also remember that Jesus was educated by Jews and under the Jewish law, and that nothing but the divine compassion that was in his heart, could have overcome the disgust that it was so natural he should feel at the sight of this disease, and his fear and unwillingness to touch any one infected with it; you must remember too that he could have cured him with a word, a look, or a mere act of his will. But what does the compassionate Jesus do? What no other man would do; what subjected him to the punishment of the law, and to the danger of taking the disease.



He touched him. And why did he so? That he might soothe the hurt feelings of the poor leper as well as heal his disease; and give a lesson of true compassion and heavenly love to his disciples who doubtless witnessed the act. He did not perform the miracle to astonish, or even convince the multitude for he said to him, tell no man; but that he might give consolation to one aching heart, and health and comfort to one human being.

Another object perhaps our Saviour had in view, when he healed the leper by a touch; it was to teach his disciples to have the courage to expose themselves to danger, in the arduous ministry that they were soon to enter upon; not to be afraid, when they could do any good to their suffering brethren, but to have faith in him who can preserve us from all evil and who never forsakes his children.

But the lesson was not intended for the disciples alone who witnessed the miracle; it is to teach us all a love for one another, that is checked by no danger and chilled by no disgust; a tender sympathy that remembers the delicate mind, the hurt spirit, as well as the suffering body when the poor and the sick want our assistance. Let no one who calls himself a christian, a disciple of the compassionate Jesus, turn away from the sick bed, because it is painful or disagreeable to witness the effects of disease; let us not fear the contagious disorder; let not the stream of love in our hearts be checked by any obstruction that it may meet with, for its beautiful waters can give a charm, and shed life and freshness upon whatever it touches.

If, my dear children, you are tempted to turn away from the sight of the most terrible disease in disgust, and

you can do anything for the poor sufferer, remember Jesus who touched the leper. If you fear danger, remember his words to Peter, Oh thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? And if either of you should unhappily be afflicted with sickness, especially with any disorder that separates you from your fellow beings, it will be a comfort to you to remember the tender love of the compassionate Saviour, who so pitied the poor leper that while others avoided him, and feared to be defiled by him, touched, and healed him. You will find comfort in the thought that he is the friend of each one of those who believe in him, that while the world forsake, he will draw nigh to you, and that though he is not present with you to heal your disease with a touch, his arms will be open to receive you in his father's house. E. L. F.

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#### THE FIRST OF MAY.

ARE there any of our young readers who have passed their short life without feeling, at times, wearied with their dolls, their balls, their cards, or whatever playthings they may have to amuse their leisure hours; even the great baby-house, furnished with all the various conveniences and luxuries that a doll of the highest rank may suppose necessary to promote her happiness, and keep up her dignity, sometimes ceases at least, to be anything more than a place to hold toys, without possessing any more charm than the drawers which contain the little girl's wearing apparel; and sometimes, it even suffers the indignity of being called *old*, which, in the mind of a young person, means everything that is disagreeable.

But there is one thing which is never called old, which no child thinks old. It is a great plaything for the whole world, children and grown people are never wearied with it and yet it is very, very old, and this is the "first of May." Who is there that gets tired of the "first of May?" Is it not as welcome this year as it was the last, and was it not as welcome the last year as the year before? Is not every flower that shows its beautiful face, as fresh and lovely as the blossoms of former years? Does not every bit of moss look as green and fresh as ever, and is it not as soft as when Adam and Eve walked in Paradise and knew no other carpet than this for their naked feet? Do not the birds sing as sweetly as when they sang last year, and is not this old "first of May" full of youth and promise and delights of all kinds?

This beautiful "first of May" comes to us, and offers her treasures, and invites us to make what use we please of her. To be sure, she is not always equally agreeable; for instance, when she has taken a cold she cannot be as forward to show us the many treasures she possesses, but she is always willing to have any one search her most secret places, and help themselves to what they can find. If it so happens that her cold is very severe, amounting to an influenza, so that she has to keep her bed, she waits till the first of June before she is able to display all her riches. She so delights in the worship she receives from the young, that she has never been known, let her be ever so much reduced by the cold which she took in the winter, not to save some offering to present to her faithful followers.

In some secluded nook, under the sweet covering of dead leaves, there may be always found some pretty

jewel hidden away as a promise that she has not forgotten that her business is to gladden the young heart that loves her. If the little anemone that rewards the faithful seeker could make known to you its story, it would tell a more beautiful tale than was ever heard of before ; if it could tell of all the care taken to preserve its life, of all that was done for it to make it live and breathe, to give it its graceful form, its beautiful colour, its sweet smile, its delicate roots, its pliable stem, its power to bear the storm, and not be destroyed by its rough usage, to be bent by the winds, yet not broken, it could make the listener feel that flowers, as well as children, have a tender parent to keep them from harm and cause them to grow up into a perfect stature.

I hope that all our young readers are faithful in their love for the first of May, for she has much to say to them. She is a beautiful messenger, come to remind us of that Friend who is ever faithful to us, whose gifts never grow old. His sun and moon and stars are never old to us ; his earth, with its trees and flowers never weary our eyes, his mountains which have stood for ages are ever beautiful, ever sublime. We wish to climb their heights and be with them amongst the clouds, to go still higher till we learn something more of that power which can raise the mountains and paint the smallest flower. It is good to let our thoughts dwell upon these things that we may feel more and more that we are always in the presence of the greatest and best of beings.

Each flower has something to say to us ; we see in it a gift to remind us that the Giver is not far from any of his children, that his love never grows old. s. c. c.



## A NIGHT THOUGHT.

FATHER and God! In sleep be nigh.  
Embosomed in thy love I'd lie,—

A single ray  
Of thy full day,—  
A drop of thine infinity.

And though this earthly sleep ne'er break  
The living soul I know must wake,  
And with strong wing  
Should upward spring  
And its fleshly cerement from it shake.

And yet into this world I fain  
Once more would wake, if life be gain;  
But be, I pray  
Thy will my way,—  
Peace, busy thought! rest, throbbing brain!

E. P.

## MARY'S BREAD MAKING.

"MARY! Mary! where are you, Mary?"

A voice answered, "Here; Here is Mary." The voice was so high and fine, and so far off, that it sounded like a bird singing.

"Where?"

"O, out in the yard."

"What are you doing there?"

"No mischief—I guess not."

Mary's mother wished her little girl to be always neat and clean. She did not trim her dresses. She did not

curl her hair. Mary was never decked with necklaces, bracelets, pins, rings, nor even flowers. But when company was coming, Mary's mother did not run to catch and wash and dress her little daughter. Mary was always fit to be seen in her simple gingham or calico robe, and white apron.

But what was Mary doing which she *guessed* was not mischief?

She was digging a hole in the ground, with a piece of shingle. That was not mischief. But now and then the piece of shingle would break, or turn aside with a sudden jerk, and send a shower of dirt over Mary's head.

Then Mary would jump up, and shake and brush it off, as well as she could. But her hands were soon very dirty, and not fit to touch her dress. Then the dirt was no longer brushed and shaken off.

Presently Mary's feet were tired, because she had nothing else to sit upon. She looked about for a seat. There were plenty of logs, but she could not move them to the spot where she wished to sit. At last her little ancles ached so much, that they gave way, and down she sat, flat upon the ground. Her clean frock was soiled and tumbled. But she went on with her digging.

Presently she jumped up, and ran to the pump, which stood in the shed. There was no water in the pail, nor any in the sink. The tin basin and dipper were hanging from their nails, shining and clean. Mary shook the handle of the pump, but she could not make any water run out at the nose. She was not tall enough.

"Naughty pump!" cried she. "I want some water."

Anna, a good girl who was busy washing dishes in the kitchen, heard her rattle the pump handle.

"Here, Mary dear," she said, "Anna hears you. I have some nice sweet milk for you, in your own cup. Come, poor little thirsty girl."

Mary stood still, pouting a little.

"Come soon, or Kitty will drink it for you."

Mary did not move.

"Here, Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! Shall I let her have it?"

No answer.

"I guess you are not very thirsty."

Mary said nothing, but rattled the handle of the pump again. Anna stood at the kitchen door, with the cup in her hand.

Up sprang Mary's little gray Kitty, upon Anna's gown, and put her saucy nose into the cup. Mary only laughed. Then Anna put down the cup upon the shed floor, and went away to her work again.

"Lap, lap, lap, lap, lap. What hard work it is for you to drink, Kitty," said Mary. "You do not take much at a time, in your little dipping tongue. Will you never have done? I wish you would drink with your lips. Make haste, Kitty, I want my cup."

But Kitty was in no haste. She stopped and licked her lips two or three times, and looked at Mary, and purred. Then she began to lap again. Her whole head was in the cup when she came to the bottom of it. Her grey ears came just above the edge, laid back very flat upon her neck.

"I thank you, Miss Kitty, to be quick, I say. Else I will take it away. I have my bread to make, and to bake, Miss Kit, and I want some water to put to my dirt flour. Ah! now you have done."

Kitty had drunk up all the milk, every drop. But she did not take her head out of the cup. She wanted to wash it clean with her tongue.

"O, fie! for shame!" said Mary, seizing the cup. "You should never lick the dish! That is very ill bred. Did you ever seen *me* do such a thing?"

Kitty mewed, and climbed upon Mary's dress to reach the cup which she had taken away.

Mary turned it upside down, to show that there was not a drop in it. But the kitten did not know that it would not hold milk, with the bottom upwards. So she still mewed, and tried very hard to reach it.

"Little foolish Kit!" cried Mary, laughing. "It is empty. Cannot you see?"

Mary set it down upon the floor again. Kitty looked into it, and then looked up at Mary.

"There is no more for you, miss," said Mary, shaking her head. And away pranced the kitten, playing with a leaf which the wind had blown in at the door.

"Anna, will you be so kind as to pump?" said Mary, in a very pleasant and soft tone. Anna came quickly, and took down the clean dipper.

"Oh dear! not in that tin dipper. In my nice little own silver cup."

"Your cup must be washed clean, before you can use it after Kitty. I will let you drink out of my silver dipper."

"Silver? You must say what is true. It is tin; you know so."

"Yes, yes. But *play* it is silver, and then the water will taste just as well as if it *were*."



Anna pumped it full. Mary tasted a few drops, but she did not feel at all thirsty.

"Why did you call me from my work to pump for you, then?" asked Anna, a little sharply.

"I wanted a little water in my cup."

"What! — to play with?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you must not have water to play with, you know."

"No—I ought not. It is against the rule."

"Mamma said that I must not have water to play with, because I tipped a basin full into my bosom, trying to take it out of the sink. That is all."

"You should not try to make me do wrong, Mary dear. I would not ask for water, on any account, if I were you."

"O no! not any in a *basin*! I cannot spill it out of my cup; a very little, that is all."

Anna shook her head, smiling.

"You come and pour it into my bread-pan in the yard, there. There's a good girl. Do!"

Anna went to see what Mary's bread-pan might be. She found only a large hole, dug in the corner of the yard.

"Ah, I would not play in dirt, if I were you! Making dirt bread is not fit work for a little lady. No, indeed! Look at your hands! See your frock! Your stockings!"

Mary still dug, and stirred the earth, and cried out in a big voice, "Here is my pounds of flour. Now we will pour in the water. Yes, Anna, do pour it in, won't you? A whole dipper of water—No, no—part of it must be yeast. Forty pints of yeast."

Kitty had drunk up all the milk, every drop. But she did not take her head out of the cup. She wanted to wash it clean with her tongue.

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"Forty pints! Well done!"

"Yes; forty pints it is. You do not know about my receipt. I have forty pints in *my* bread, to make it rise nicely."

"You do? Then I should think your dust dough would rise into a mountain, if it rises at all. I do not think it would be convenient to have a mountain raised in the yard. How we should look, going up one side, and down the other, to get to the fence!"

Mary laughed a little. Then she sighed, and asked Anna to go away. She wished she had a little girl to play with, she said, one who would love her, and not laugh at her.

Anna knew it was not pleasant to anybody to be laughed at. She did not mean to vex Mary. She told Mary she would not laugh at her play, if she did not like it.

"I am thinking of something you will like me to do for you," she said, soothingly. "Guess what it is."

"Will you make me an oven, then?" said Mary, joyfully.

"I am not a mason. I cannot *make* ovens. I can *use* them; that is all I can do."

"What will you do, then, to help me play? O, I know! You can make me a sieve, to sift out the pebbles! O! that will be grand!"

"I do not know how to make sieves. I can do something, though, which you will like."

"No, you cannot. You do not know what I like. You are not kind. I asked you to pour, and you won't. I do not like you to stay with me. Go away. Go away!" And Mary gave Anna a push, and looked very red and cross.



"I will go, Mary."

"Leave me the dipper. Yes!"

"No."

"Why not? I say why not?" screamed Mary, angry and half crying.

Anna had entered the shed door, but came back, and looked sorrowfully at Mary, who felt ashamed directly.

"Mary, I have no mother now. I loved to do as she bade me, when she was alive. Now your mother is almost like a mother to me. I try to do what I think will please *her*, now." Having said this, Anna went into the house.

Mary got up from the ground, and looked at her soiled dress, and dirty hands. "I love to mind mother, too," thought she, and again she felt ashamed. She walked about the yard a little while, and when she felt pleasant, went smiling in. Anna did not notice her at first. Mary smiled, and smiled, and at last laughed outright, which made Anna look up.

"Oh ho! There is the little lady," said she. "I will wash you, all clean, and brush your hair, and then——"

"And then try to make my gown look nicer, will you?"

The gown was of pink calico. Anna shook and beat it so that Mary could hardly stand.

"It does not look very badly now, does it?" asked Mary.

"Not so bad as if I had let you have water. It would have been spotted with mud, no doubt, if I had."

"I am glad."

"So am I, for you must have worn it till bed time, come who might, you know. And we should all have been so mortified!"

Just then Mary's mother came out to speak to Anna. Then Mary ran to ask her if she thought her dress looked *very* dirty.

"Not clean enough to come to my table to-night," said her mother. "You may go abroad to see Anna, if she is willing to have you."

Anna said she she should like her company to tea, very much. Mary was not forbidden to run into the parlor during the afternoon if she wished. Her mother only said she should not be very proud of her, should any visitor chance to be there. Mary wished to change her apron, at least. But she knew her mother would not allow it. She had a clean one every morning.

"I will tell you now what you tried to guess, that you would like better than playing in the dirt," said Anna.

"Yes, dear Anna, tell me now. I know I shall like it. You are *so* kind!"

"I will teach you how to make real buckwheat cakes. You shall make them with your own little hands, and put them on the griddle yourself with a spoon. We will have them on our table for tea."

Mary danced with delight.

Anna tied a towel round her neck, and rolled up her sleeves, and brought a cricket for her to stand upon by the table. Then she measured the flour, and the yeast, and the water, a little of each, and let Mary mix it in a little pitcher, and set it in a warm place to rise. Mary took her little chair, and sat down by it. Kitty came and sat down by her side. She sat up straight and prim, as if she too were watching Mary's cakes.

Pretty soon Mary began to lift the cover and peep. "Is it not time to make the fire burn, and heat the griddle?" she said.

"No, indeed," said Anna. "After I have carried tea into the parlor, we shall fry our little buck-wheats."

"Else they would be all cold when we take *our* supper," said Mary, readily.

"Besides, they have to rise, you know, a long, long time. Now get Dinah, and play with her, that you may not be tired of waiting. Nothing you can do will hasten the rising, so you may as well forget all about it for some hours, if you can. See, the things in Dinah's box are all in a heap. I will heat the little flat-iron, and you can smooth and fold those that are tumbled all up so."

"I shall know all about ironing, and making buckwheat cakes," said Mary, delighted.

"You must not take the iron from the range yourself, remember."

"Why?"

"You might burn yourself, or set your apron on fire. I will see when it is just hot enough."

Mary's ironing made the time pass away very fast. She ironed Dinah's night caps and handkerchiefs very nicely. Sometimes the iron turned over, and made her jump by touching her hand. It was not enough to burn her *much*.

When the ironing was done, Mary did not know what to do. She wished the cakes were ready to bake. She ran into the parlor a little while, to tell her mother about her ironing, and her cookery.

When she came back, she found the kitten sitting in her chair, with one of Dinah's night gowns on, and a night cap too. The cap did not set very well over her ears, but her cunning little white face looked out of it very drolly. Mary laughed, and capered about. Kit soon

became tired, and tried to jump out of the chair. Her feet were tangled in the long skirt, and she rolled heels over head upon the hearth.

"Poor Kitty, she is very sleepy," said Anna, when they had done laughing. "Cannot you make her a bed?"

A cushion, with a handkerchief for a sheet, and an apron for a quilt, made a fine bed. Kitty went to sleep in it, with her cap on, as orderly as anybody.

Mary helped Anna carry in tea. Then the griddle was made ready, and the little flap-jacks were fried, and a pile of them placed on the table in a cup-plate. Mary helped Anna, and herself.

"Very nice," said Anna, putting a whole one into her mouth.

Mary cut hers in small pieces, like full grown flap-jacks. Kitty waked up, and came in her night cap to ask for her share. She had made her escape from the night gown.

"Very good," said Anna, again. "Though I think a little more salt would not have hurt them."

"I shall put more next time," answered Mary.

"Is not this better than dirt-bread?" said Anna.

Mary blushed, and said she would never use such flour as that any more. And then Anna promised that she would let her make a little apple-dumpling the next day, to be boiled for her dinner, in company with a great one for the family.

"If your mother is willing, I mean, of course," said Anna.

Mary's mother laughed when Mary asked her. Mary did not like that very well.

"You are a very little girl to learn to cook," said she,



"but I like you should know how things are done. Anna may teach you what she chooses, if you are careful never to meddle without leave. When you are a lady grown, you may have a kitchen of your own. I hope then you will be less ignorant than *some* young housekeepers, how to direct what is to be done in it." A.

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MARCUS NIEBUHR.

THE beautiful record of blooming infancy and paternal love which it is the purpose of the following article to exhibit, possesses the advantage of being no fictitious representation, but is taken from actual life. It consists of extracts from the correspondence of the great Roman historian Niebuhr, who, as is well known, was the only son of an equally distinguished father, Niebuhr the celebrated Oriental traveller. The whole work might be read with equal profit and pleasure by every youth desirous of attaining the highest degree of mental improvement and moral excellence. Nature had richly endued him with her choicest gifts, and these were diligently cultivated and developed by his accomplished father. An extraordinary memory was manifested in him from earliest childhood; when only seven years old, a literary friend read in his presence to his parents, the tragedy of Macbeth, not suspecting that he was engaging the attention of the child. Some days afterwards, the father found among the papers of his little son, a closely written manuscript of seven pages, containing an accurate abstract of the whole story. He was so much pleased with it, that he insisted upon

showing it to the gentleman who had read the play to them ; but the child burst into tears, and was in the utmost distress at the thought of having his imperfect sketch exhibited.

Many years afterwards, his first wife and a young female friend, to whom he had read Gibbon's history of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, amused themselves with asking him all manner of questions, through the work, in regard to dates, persons, events, &c., and he answered the whole with unerring precision. When twenty-one years old, his father sent him to Edinburgh, where he attended on the lectures of the University for eighteen months. Not long after his return, he married Amelia Hensler, a lady to whom he had long been attached, and who, during the sixteen years of their happy union, was the enlightened sympathising companion of his mind, as well as the chosen of his heart. During that space of time, they journeyed often and resided in different cities, as he sustained offices of high trust, both in the Danish and Prussian courts. She died of a lingering consumption at Berlin, in June, 1815, never having been a mother. From that very circumstance she was, perhaps, the more interested in her husband's literary offspring. Almost in her expiring moments, he asked her if there was any thing more which he could do for her ; if she had any wish that remained unfulfilled ? ' Go on, and finish your Roman history,' was her prompt and noble answer.

In the September following her death, he was appointed by the Prussian government ambassador to Rome, in part, for the purpose of affording him facilities towards the perfecting of his great work. He left Berlin the next summer, and previous to his departure married a young

lady who had been brought up in the family of Dora Hensler, the elder sister of his first wife. Her name was Margaret, but he always designates her in his letters by the German abbreviation of Gretchen. He continued to reside in Rome during seven years, and became the father of four children, one son, the eldest, and three daughters, who were born there. The letters from which the following extracts are translated, were addressed to Dora Hensler, his sister-in-law, and Count Savigny, a learned friend in Berlin. Though none of our young readers may have had the advantage of being born in Rome, or of having descended from illustrious scholars, all of them may cultivate those habits of quick and accurate observation, aversion to false pretensions, industry, purity, truthfulness and deep piety, which Niebuhr considered as so infinitely desirable for his son; while his sense of their value for himself, will best appear by the following passage, taken from one of his youthful letters.

"Oh it is very true! all that we can do for ourselves, consists in the exaltation of our spiritual ability by the conscientious exercise of it in the sharpening of the receptive faculty, the strengthening and refining of the judgment and understanding, the purification of the reason and keeping clean the conscience. When this is done, if nature have not been too niggardly towards us, what can hinder rising higher and higher, up to that degree of perfection which is assigned to limited men. Only we must not squander our time, we must forget and despise the earthly, abstain from meddling with what is foreign to us and pursue our own path; thus shall we be performing our duty, not burying the talent given us by our heavenly Father, but putting it out to usury."

Our selections commence with the birth of his son, and to our elder readers, familiar only with Niebuhr's celebrity as the profoundest of historians, they will present his character in a new light as a most tender and wise father. Indeed, we cannot conceive of their being read by any parents, without a higher sense of the happiness and responsibility of their holy relation, and new desires to perform its duties aright.

ROME, APRIL 2, 1817.

"The hour is passed and a fine strong little boy is born to us. He weighs nine pounds, is full sized and fleshy, with red cheeks, yellow hair and blue eyes. Thou mayest imagine Gretchen's delight in the dear babe, after her severe sufferings. I have already told you the boy's name; only we shall add to it a Roman, either Marcus or Lucius, by which he will be called. You above all, must be his god-mother; Behrens also, of course, and Savigny—his guardian if I die—with Nicolovius, his god-fathers. Should Playfair return here, who was formerly a clergyman, we shall invite him to perform the rite of baptism."

To Savigny, April 3, after announcing the event, he adds. "The omens under which the boy is born are excellent. April, the blossom and spring month of Italy, was with my old Romans a month of special good fortune; on the first day, a feast was held in honour of Venus and Fortuna Virilis, and the Italians assure me that Santa Venus is not to be despised. At his birth, Sirius and Orion shone full into the chamber. I rather think that we must make him a brave Prussian officer, for three scholars in succession, can hardly be, and if he goes on as he has come into the world, he may vie with



General Grollman in stoutness. Now, after this annunciation, his mother and I invite you, dearest Savigny, to stand as his godfather. An English clergyman will christen the child, probably my venerable old preceptor Playfair. At first, we were uneasy at the thought of his having to remain for a long time unbaptised, but were relieved by the swarming hither of thousands of lazy covetous Englishmen, among whom there is no lack of clergymen. There is a special propriety, dearest Savigny, in your being his godfather, as you are his guardian if I die. He is to be named Charles, after his paternal grandfather, and Nicholas after the father of my Amelia, and he is to have a Roman name by which he will be called. We are hesitating between Marcus and Lucius. It shall not be so unprofitable to the boy to have been born in Rome, as it is to me to have come here. He shall learn to find his way about as soon as he can walk, and shall hear the story of Romulus in the Farnese gardens. As soon as he can speak German, I shall begin to talk Latin to him, and if he wants to hear a story, he must learn to understand it. Afterward Greek in the same way.

April 30. To his sister-in-law. "The child has glorious health. He looks about joyously and already fixes his eye on objects. I can handle him very well, and he is perfectly quiet with me. I am thinking a great deal about his education. I wrote to you lately how early I desired to familiarize him with the ancient languages. He must be taught to believe every thing that is narrated to him, and though I formerly disputed it, I now admit that you were right in deeming it best to relate no tales, but to keep to the poets. The ancient poets I will describe and read to him in such a way, that he shall abso-

lutely receive the gods and heroes as historical beings : at the same time, I shall tell him that the ancients were imperfectly acquainted with the true God, and that these gods were overthrown when Christ came into the world. The old and new Testaments he shall receive with a literal faith, and a firm belief in all which has become uncertain or lost to me, shall be cherished in him from infancy. He shall learn to observe and take in the truth, and thus become at home in nature and feed his imagination.

May 14. The boy thrives admirably. It makes me sad, when at evening he struggles for us to carry him to the window towards the light, and then motionless, earnestly, cheerfully gazes up to the firmament. It is present with me, how we two carried Amelia there, the last time that she looked upon the sky. Thank Heaven! that at this remembrance, my tears at least are not dried up.

June 20. Yesterday and last night I passed in thinking of my Amelia, and to-day (her birthday) belongs to the same recollections. Lately, I saw her in a dream, as if she had come back to me after a long separation ; but there was an uncertainty, like the images in dreams, whether she again lived on this earth or belonged to it but in passing. She saluted me as after a long absence, hastily asking for the child and having it brought to her. Happy he, who can cling with pious faith to such a holy vision as my departed Amelia, and wait for a fairer and eternal spring ! This faith is not to be acquired ; will it ever be my portion ?

November 8. The dear child gains daily. He is full of good humour and kindness. I feel that I am

every day more attached to him. He is in very deed the apple of my eye, and love is no bad teacher.

November 29. I made a speculation to-day. I bought a picture by Francia, for 130 sequins, which indeed any gallery might be proud to exhibit. This old master is decidedly one of my greatest favourites. It was delightful and touching to us that the dear child eagerly stretched forward towards it as soon as it was brought in, though he took no notice of other pictures which were hanging around. It was a Madonna; and, evidently cheated, he lisped to it his 'Ma, ma, ma.'

ROME, APRIL 11, 1818.

"The child is blooming and well. He clings to me, and begins already to caress. Without being directed by any one, he kissed my hand.

A sister was given to Marcus July 11, 1818, and writing to his sister-in-law, the father says, "To me, a little girl is in every respect the most acceptable, for in a year she will be capable of being a dear little play-mate for the boy. I venture to call her Amelia, and beseech God that she may prove worthy of the name."

August 15. The little one gives us much anxiety, even the pleasure afforded us by the stout Marcus is thereby divided, and it seems almost an act of injustice to his sister, to enter into his innocent joyousness. It is really sad to see two children so oppositely treated by fate. The one loaded with all the gifts of fortune, with the most perfect health, strength and frolicsomeness, lovely and bright; the other weak, with sickly tendencies, and possibly, a sickness that endangers life. Under such experiences, faith in an individual providence must be preserved very simple and free from all subtilties, in order

to afford consolation. I shall endeavor firmly to plant this vital faith in my child ; and every one in his sphere, who desires that piety should again take root in the world, ought to do the same.

§ September 1. During the appalling heat, I was not ill, because I merely vegetated within doors, but I was quite exhausted. Marcus alone stood it with unabated freshness and was unconscious of the change in the weather. Probably it is his perfect healthiness which developes his teeth so gradually, and his not yet speaking, may be owing partly to his being able to understand every thing, and partly to the mixture of two languages buzzing in his ears. Every one loves him, from the women down to the old Franciscan from Regusa, who often visits us as a friend of the house. His nurse, who is not much attached to her own children, weeps, the waiting maid tells us, at the thought of her near separation from him. I now feel that the joyful time is not far distant when he will be able to listen to narratives, and these, Rome and the life here will render easy for me, though I should be able to derive no other benefit from them. The more jangled the world is, the more it needs education. A simple ideal world should be created for a child born in a senile decaying period, wherein it may grow up pure and firm. A clear understanding is absolutely indispensable, because the entanglement of half true ideas is most injurious. Besides, early infused and carefully guarded principles, possessing all the force of a prejudice, impart extraordinary energy, both internally and externally. He who goes forth with these, fights with a weapon of which those who surround him are destitute. The mass too of what is to be learned, which without an instructor op-



presses and confuses, may be wonderfully simplified by a teacher, and the child fed on marrow, instead of dry bones.

To Savigny. October 1. To German parents, the bringing up children here is a bitter thing. We are obliged to keep them about us unceasingly ; for they had better be dead, than resemble the people of this place. No one can be convinced of this but from experience, and I must therefore beg you not to shake your head. Could you only sit down here eight days as the father of a family, you would see how it fares with a people void of reason and conscience, and abandoned to every selfish impulse. The difference among them, consists in whether these impulses are well or ill directed, whether they are partially balanced among themselves and admit of rest. Here, one sees in what manner the union of pitiable superstition with an inaptness for piety influences the human heart. In Naples, to be sure, it is still worse, because the people are more malicious and passionate than here. The passions there, and what one witnesses here, are as unpoetical as possible ; they rush in a twinkling to the wildest fury. Confession, absolution and indulgences may produce good among a conscientious reflective people like the Tyrolese ; here they open the gulf of all corruption. When one looks back to the old Romans, who were swayed by a religion of the purest genuineness, fidelity and honesty, the present state appears most surprising. Should it ever be in my power to proceed with my history, I shall venture to testify that this religion, which was something wholly remote from Stoicism, founded the greatness of the old republican period, and that the life of the state was derived from it.

To his sister-in-law. October 3. Marcus is tormented with his back teeth, though he is not ill, but only restless and out of humour. What makes it bad is that the nurse is wholly devoted to him, and he to her; she jealously keeps him to herself, and we dare not interfere, because her services are so invaluable and indispensable for the little one. During his weaning, Marcus was separated from her eight days, and their meeting was memorable. He turned as red as fire and looked at her with an expression of distress; she held out her hands to him, he was in his mother's arms, but turned away from her and threw himself into mine. Gradually he ventured to look towards her, then he struggled to reach her, and threw himself with his face on her breast, but without attempting to nurse. He was evidently in great commotion of spirit. Since then, alas! he has been much more wilful, and stays with her more than ever; her remaining in the house will greatly increase the difficulty of training him. The child is terribly violent, though good at heart. We shall be so glad, when he begins to talk more!

ROME, JUNE 15, 1819.

Since I have had children and my own heart beats so at the slightest sufferings which affect them that I have to compose myself, I feel; far more for the sufferings of children, than formerly, and far more with parents. You must think of my children with the same sympathy which I feel for little Agnes, who was as dear to my Amelia as to you, and of her distressed parents. Our children are happy and joyous, Marcus, as much so as a child can be which is born in every respect under a fortunate star; Amelia, not indeed so fully, but in a far higher degree than we should at first have thought possible. It is the

greatest happiness of Marcus to ride, and with a safe saddle we can trust him to sit alone, without being held, on an ass, led by a halter along a level path.

Let me tell you more about these innocent darlings, on whom a blessing seems to rest. Amelia delights in pictures more than Marcus, especially in the glorious Madonna of Francesco Francia. Another admirable picture which I bought afterwards, is a cotemporaneous copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Christ among the scribes of the law, when they asked him which was the greatest commandment; it is so perfect as to be scarcely surpassed by the original. This Christ of Leonardo, is more beautiful, deeply thoughtful and mildly gracious, than any face I ever saw.

October 20. We came back to the city on Saturday and were right in so doing, as since then the autumnal rains have fallen in torrents. The early severe cold quite spoiled our sojourn among the Appenines. The children were entirely recruited there. Amelia summoned courage at last to go alone; she talks much sooner than Marcus. The dear rogue is not envious, but willingly gives up to his sister; he caresses her with joyous fondness, and calls her 'Ama mia!' He is a remarkably good boy.

ROME, FEBRUARY 19, 1820.

We have gone through a very sad time. After some warm days winter suddenly returned, and both the children took violent colds, Amelia first. Two days later Marcus became ill. The fever and cough were very violent with him too, and a German physician whom we are so fortunate as to have here, apprehended inflammation of the lungs or an inflammatory fever. The child was out

of his head ; we had shown him pictures to amuse him, and some of the figures terrified him so, that he took refuge from his own little bed in his mother's, and with an agony that threatened spasms begged her to drive those people away ; he had many other fancies of the same kind. Being so strong and full-blooded, the fever was doubly violent and dangerous. But with the use of means and God's help, the sickness subsided after a few days, and he is now again pretty well. The sweet little Amelia, however, occasions me silent anxiety. She is too delicate a child, and very intelligent. Sickness has made her wilful, and her whims try patience to the utmost. The wilfulness of Marcus is not of the same sort, and that wild defiance of which I used to complain, has evidently diminished. He almost always obeys a kind decided word ; even the doctor soon subdued him, though he was at first refractory. In his sickness he was distressingly affectionate ; at other times his love corresponds to his sturdiness. Indeed I comfort myself in his not showing that kind of sensibility which, though in children so attractive, excites apprehension. He loves his sister with a touching vehemence, and is far more willing to receive a reproof himself, than to see her chided ; then indeed, he is sometimes quite wild. 'She is my Amelia, don't scold my Amelia !' he will say with bright tears. If Marcus were only willing to learn — a better child need not be ! For the last three months his obstinacy has given us no serious disquiet. Frequently, when after an outburst he has been reproved, he hides away for a couple of minutes, composes himself, and then returns with an open honest face, all affection and good humour, not caring for what has been refused him. Amelia is less affec-



tionate and somewhat teasing; indeed I should be more sad on her account, if she clung to me like the spirited boy, whose warm heart gushes over only too much.

April 15. Our little Amelia has safely gone through her weaning. The child is more healthy than formerly, and misses her nurse the less from having long been familiar with the waiting maid, who had almost won her preference. Marcus feels her loss much more, and during the first days of her absence, contrary to his usual habit, was out of humour and dissatisfied. He was quite as much vexed with her for having left him, as troubled at the loss of her. He never named her, but when at last the little one in a sleepy whimpering tone called after her, he burst into violent weeping. A firm deep nature shows itself in the dear boy on many occasions. The alphabet is a torment to all children; he now knows more than half of it, and finds occasion in our walks where old inscriptions are standing or lying around, for recognising the letters, which he points out with pleasure. On the second day after the nurse's departure, he was most out of temper, and resolutely refused to say his letters. He knows that when he says them well, he will receive a fig; but at the very outset, before he grew obstinate in not chosing to know E, he commenced of himself with informing me that he did not wish for any figs, and walked off, not showing any ill temper, as he had been willing to say the others; now, however, he absolutely refused. I drew various things for him on the ground, in the garden, and described them to him, letters also among them, which he began to name but left off almost immediately, insisting that he could not say them to-day. I reproved him and let him go. After some time I called

to him, and told him that he troubled me and I would have nothing to do with him. He soon came back into the garden, and sat down quite pensive and downcast opposite to where I was walking back and forth. Presently he came to the spot where I had drawn the letters but effaced them again, looked for them and cried out that he did not see the letters, but should like to say them. When I went towards him, he flew to me, hugged me and showed himself so docile and ashamed, that I was quite touched. On all occasions the child shows so strong a sense of right and wrong, especially of his own wrong, that I can securely trust to his permitting himself to be guided into all good, since he has been thus far, from the first dawn of consciousness, all that we could wish. He knows already a number of the buildings here in the city, and the art of finding his way about has long been his most decided talent. The despair of the nurse at parting, was frightful.

The educating Marcus will be harder for me, from his not learning as I had hoped both languages together. His tongue being endowed with no glibness for speaking, he is the less able to overcome the difficulties of two languages, and I have been obliged to let the German give place to the easier acquisition of the Italian; so that I must now wait with patience for his learning German, though it seems unnatural to talk with one's child in a foreign language, for though tolerably at home in Italian, I am far from speaking it like my own tongue.

May 6, 1820. I do think that you would find there is not a better and more lovely boy to be seen than Marcus. He gains the heart of every one. His openness, his cheerful kindliness and the absence of every offensive ill

habit win for him abiding regard. Upon any outbreak of self-will, which never reaches bad temper, he receives reproof with tears, and it is always followed by remarkably good behaviour. He is totally free from the abomination of selfish greediness. Every day he shows signs of a good heart, and thereby increases my affection for him. May God preserve to him his pure noble nature! I have as yet seen no traces in him of high imagination, and it is quite possible that my father may re-appear in him entirely. In acquiring and retaining, he is very good. Though little interested as yet in listening to narratives, he is all the more in looking at objects, and when I walk with him I explain everything to him, buildings for instance, &c. He understands very well. For example, he can accurately distinguish marble from Travertin, and the latter frequently from Peperin. The less active his imagination is at present, the more indispensable it will be to read the poets to him as soon as he can listen to them. And here is the pity that he is so backward in German, because no Homer that can be read, is to be found in Italian, and it is so easy here to make a child far more familiar with the ancient poets than elsewhere, and to bring them close to him by showing him the statues in the museums. I shall now impart all his instruction principally through the eye, and make it life-like.

June 10, 1820. On returning from Albano, I was ill with a little attack of dysentery, which soon left me. The tenderness of Marcus on the occasion was quite touching. I had told him about my father, and he had often looked at the pictures in his work. He inquired whether he was in Germany? I told him that he was in heaven, and we

should go to him. When he saw me ill, he said, "But father, you will not die. You must stay with me ; we wont go to heaven, we will go to Germany." L. o.

(To be continued.)

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SPRING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE POLISH OF ELIZABETH DANZBACKA.

COME hither, come hither, all wayward and wild  
As thou hast been, and wilt be, thou beautiful child  
Of a sire, who is flying we cannot tell whither —  
And for him, let him go—but for thee, haste thee hither !  
Whimsical art thou, oh beautiful Spring !  
Changeful thou art, as a maiden of earth ;  
We know not if sunshine or storm thou wilt bring,  
Yet do we love thee and long for thy birth.  
And we never can frown, when in madness of mirth,  
Loveliest, now from thy hand thou dost throw  
Blossoms of delicate beauty, and there  
Dost wrap them all up in a mantle of snow,  
And ere we can gather, dost hide them again.  
Who could look darkly on infants at play ?  
And thou art as wild and as sportive as they :  
Thy frolics as theirs are unfettered of reason  
Yet graceful, thou golden, thou gladdening season  
Art thou, as are they, whether sunbeams are o'er thee,  
Or whether thou scatter the storm-clouds before thee.  
All things become thy young innocent beauty :  
Well do we love thee, and gladly we bring  
To the first of thy coming, our tribute of duty,  
And we bid thee right welcome, thou beautiful Spring !



## THE HAND WRITING ON THE WALL.

"BELSHAZZAR, whiles he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple." "Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God." "And the King and his Princes and his wives and his concubines drank in them." "In the same hour came forth the fingers of a man's hand and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the King's Palace, and the King saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the King's countenance was changed and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his limbs were loosed and his knees smote one against another."

In reading this portion of the history of Belshazzar and his feast, a feast intended to show his power and his wealth and in which he expected to triumph and rejoice; we are overawed at the course which events take, so unlooked for by the king and his friends. At his command the table was furnished out with the golden and silver vessels which his father had taken out of the temple. The spoils they were that showed the power of his father the king.

Seated at the banquet all hearts and eyes were rejoicing in the magnificence before them; but in the same hour they were drinking and rejoicing, in the midst of their laughing and talking, a sudden pause comes upon the whole assembly of Princes and Lords: their laughter is changed into dread, and words die upon the lips which

are now paled with fear. What has so appalled these great Princes of the earth? what has put to silence their voices that were ringing through the banquet hall? Had they not wine in their gold and silver vessels, and were they not in a splendid hall in the presence of the great king? was not the banquet table brilliant with the light from the golden candlesticks, and was it not covered with all the dainties that could tempt the appetite, and did they not all make merry and rejoice in their wealth and power? Who was there that should dare to say to their laughter, be still, and to their rejoicing hearts be sad and fearful? No one. No intruder dared venture into this regal hall. No messenger came with the swiftness of the wind to say that an enemy was at hand, and that the king must rise up and defend himself, his friends, and his kingdom.

It seems that while the King was raising the golden cup to his lips his eyes rested upon the wall where the fingers of a man's hand were writing over against the candlestick that was placed there to throw light upon the feast. At this sight the King's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, and his knees smote one against another; his face, before flushed with feasting, became of a death-like paleness, and his wives and his friends are transfixed with fear. The vessel and gold and silver are no longer seen, the feast is forgotten, all eyes see nothing but the changed countenance of the King and the hand writing on the wall. The King has not the power even to support his own weight: as weak as an infant, he cannot stand.

Had this hand at which the King's countenance changed

a dagger in it, so that he feared it would stretch out and pierce his heart and take from him the life he was enjoying? No, it simply wrote four words upon the wall and when it had done so, disappeared.

Why did the King so tremble at these four words? Why did his countenance become changed?

Was the King's table spread with the fruits of honest well paid labor? Were its ornaments placed there to encourage those who used the gifts God had given them in their poverty, that they might by this use supply the wants of life by a fair exchange! Were the guests the King invited to his feast, those whose hearts would be made glad by having enough to satisfy their hunger, and who would bless the hour when in the presence of their King they had enjoyed the pleasures of a feast? If it were so why should the King tremble? Why should his guests who were enjoying his bounty stand in deadly fear? If this were the feast, what hand writing could disturb the tranquillity of his soul. Why did he not calmly examine the mysterious words which appeared upon the wall where he was dispensing the bounties which God had bestowed upon him. But no, it was another sort of feast at which he presided, and filled with the cowardly fear which comes to those who are partaking of the forbidden fruit, he could neither see nor understand what was written for him. He sends for the wise men, for Astrologers, for Soothsayers, that they may decypher these fearful words. The wise men, the Astrologers, the Soothsayers who were in his service were also unable to read the characters. At last a man who had lived in the fear of God was called up before the King and to his clear mind the words were easily

understood, and he told Belshazzar that the words told him that his Kingdom was to be taken from him, that he had been weighed in the balances and had been found wanting. And that same night the King was no more.

The feast at which the King presided was not such an one as we have described. His table was spread with vessels that his father had taken from the temple of God ; his guests were only the rich and the powerful like himself. They and he sat down to their feast forgetting perhaps that there was a power greater than the King's. There were spread before them the luxuries obtained by injustice and fraud. The King had led a selfish and unjust life ; he had lived upon the labors of others without giving just returns. In the midst of luxury himself he had forgotten the poverty and sufferings of others ! But the day came at last when he was to render in his account. At this hour his face became changed. His guilty conscience was aroused, and filled with fear when he saw the hand writing on the wall, his knees smote one against another, and when too late, he saw the end of his miserable life.

This story of Belshazzar carries with it a moral that no time can efface. The visible hand is no more making characters upon the plaster over against the candlestick, neither to Kings, or subjects ; but the palace walls are ever standing in every human soul, and the hand is ever writing its judgments near the light which God has placed as a guide in every human breast.

In our days of prosperity and rejoicing, in that same hour should we look especially to see what this hand writes. If aught have been taken from the temple of God



by our fathers, let us not make a day of feasting to exhibit the spoils, but rather a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, and let us restore to the temple of the living God what belongs to it, and then have our board furnished with the simple ornaments of charity, justice and honesty.

Let the King at the South restore to the temple of God the vessels which he has stolen, and let them be used for the service of the Most High, and not degraded into the uses that will, when he is called to his account, make his knees smite one against another. Let the Kings of the North too, not attend a feast which is so laid out. Let them neither encourage the spoiling of the temple of God by the hands of others, while they themselves keep clear of the outward guilt.

Let the wise men, the Astrologers, and the Soothsayers lead pure and upright lives that they may be able to decypher the charactery on the walls of the palace of the King, lest it also appear to them when at their feast.

O that the South would have a feast, in which the hand would write, "The days of Slavery are finished. The Kingdom of darkness shall give way. The days of wicked oppression have come to an end. Let righteousness exalt the nation. Let the vessels of gold be returned to the temple of God!" Then would all hearts rejoice, then would the knees bend not in fear, but in thanksgiving that the Kingdom of heaven was at hand. s. c. c.

## TO HENRY, WITH A TOY RABBIT.

*April, 1838.*

My little merry boy, it has sometimes been my habit  
To pen a *rhyme* for you, and to it now I join a *rabbit*.  
Now if you had your choice, which would you have this time,  
A Rhyme without a Rabbit, or a Rabbit without Rhyme?

If Bunnie were alive and real, what would he like to say  
To his little playmate Henry, this pleasant April day?  
We can but try to bring again the pleasant times of fable,  
When to talk, like little boys and girls, the birds and beasts  
were able.

*Rabbit.* Oh come, little Henry,  
This soft April day,  
Come out in the garden,  
With Bunnie to play!  
Though so timid I am,  
Full of tremblings and fears,  
You may stroke my soft back  
And my pretty long ears,  
For I know, by that smile  
Of sweetness and joy,  
I may trust to *your* kindness,  
You dear little boy.

When I lived in the woods,  
So merry and wild,  
I had three little brothers,  
All gentle and mild.  
One looked just like me,  
With a coat white as milk,  
With pretty pink eyes,  
And was softer than silk;  
The second was grey,

And the other was black,  
With little white spots  
All over his back.  
Oh how we 'd run races,  
And frolic and play,  
And gambol and frisk  
All the long sunny day !  
And then in the autumn,  
Our gay little cousins,  
The pretty grey squirrels  
Would join us by dozens,  
And each one his nuts  
Would gather and crack,  
With his soft bushy tail  
Thrown up on his back.

One warm day, to rest,  
Sadly tired, I sank,  
Where the trees threw their shade  
On a flowery bank.  
So while I lay there,  
And quietly slept,  
A boy came along,  
And slyly he crept  
To the soft mossy bed  
Where so sweetly I lay,  
And stole poor little Bun  
From his home far away.  
At first all was sorrow,  
And trouble, and strife ;  
But I'm now reconciled  
To this tame sort of life,  
And give up my old ways,  
So free and so wild,  
To be the playmate  
Of a kind little child.

S. S. F

## MINNIE.

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER V.

"WELL!" thought Minnie, "that was a big dream for a little girl; it is worth while to sleep in a eagle's nest if it brings us such fine adventures in our dreams. Perhaps," thought she, (Minnie did not know much) "perhaps it is because I am near heaven upon this high rock and so this big dream could come to me more easily; but by sleeping here, I have missed my nice breakfast; I suppose the birds and squirrels are afraid to come near an eagle's nest."

She stepped out of the nest, put on her shoes and looked for her hat which she had hung upon a shrub, but it was gone. The wind had probably blown it away, for she was not careful enough to tie it. So seeing nothing of it, she went to the verge of the crag and, looking over, there she spied it, just at the foot of the rock, and out of it sprang two little squirrels. Minnie laughed and clapped her hands when she saw that the hat was half filled with fruit and nuts.

"How kind God is to take such care of me!" she cried, "and the little dears, only think of their not forgetting me!" And Minnie ran down and hastening to the perpendicular side of the rock, where the hat lay, she seated herself there and began to eat her nice breakfast; and while she sat there a yellow bird came and perched on her shoulder and sung; and then a blue-bird came and then a cunning little wren; and they hopped into her hat



and sat on the rim of it, and hopped all about her lap, and the squirrels too, came as before and ran all over her.

The perpendicular side of the rock faced the south and Minnie thought that this, being so sheltered from the north wind and so warmed and dried by the sun, during the day, would make a fine place to sleep, when the eaglets should grow so large that their nest could not accommodate a lodger. Even now, there was scarcely room and she had to lie cramped, but it was warm under the feathers of the eagle and so pleasant to nestle with the eaglets, that Minnie had passed a comfortable night.

But how nice, thought Minnie, it would be to gather some dry leaves and soft moss and make a bed close down by this rock, and then break off some boughs and set them down in the earth to fence it round. She was so pleased with the idea that she sprang up, as soon as she had finished her meal and went to find some suitable boughs. She had not strength to break very large ones, nor could she have stuck them down. Pine or spruce, she thought, would be the best as the foliage was so thick and would not wither up, but she tried in vain to break these off, though there were plenty hanging low enough for her to reach; so she tried hemlock. This, she found she could break, and it was certainly the prettiest kind of evergreen.

She thought she would set the boughs round, first, and then cover the open space inside with leaves and moss. She broke off all the hemlock boughs that hung down within reach, and carried them to the spot and set them down in the earth, which, happily, was quite soft. She placed the first one close to the rock, beginning a semicircle, the side of the rock making one side of her little pen,

or chamber, or bed, whichever it might be called. But she could not reach enough hemlock boughs to form the whole fence, so she mixed with them some other kinds, which were easy to break, and found, also, two or three old and brittle pine and spruce boughs.

She thought there was no need of making the enclosure any larger than would admit of her lying down at full length; but before she had set down many branches, it occurred to her that it would be delightful to have the place large enough to accommodate the hind and fawn too, if they should be willing to take up their lodgings with her; and that would be much better than sleeping in the eagle's nest. So she widened and lengthened it considerably, but on going inside, after she had set down all the stakes, she found there was not much more than room enough for herself; and, besides, the hind could not get into it, without stooping, it was so low, and probably she would not know enough to do that.

She had worked pretty hard and it was nearly noon day, so she thought she would not alter it yet, but would sleep in it alone, one night and see how she liked it, and then tear up the boughs and enlarge it, next day. Having gathered moss and the best dry leaves she could find, and covered the ground of her enclosure, Minnie felt quite pleased with her work; but she could not help wishing the boughs would bend over enough to form a roof to keep off the rain.

"How shall I make a roof, I wonder," thought she. "Oh! I know how I can do," and she took off the ribbon from her hat and with it tied all the tops of the boughs together, thus forming a sort of miniature hut, or wigwam; and Minnie was now quite delighted with her little piece

of rural architecture. It was, as might be supposed, very slightly made, so that a pretty high wind might easily blow it down, but Minnie did not know that. It seemed to her, little girl as she was, quite a strong house in which she would be sheltered from the storms and guarded from the wild beasts.

Having wholly completed her little rustic bower, Minnie sat down upon the grass to rest, and the birds and squirrels, as usual, brought her enough to eat, and when she had finished her meal she went to the spring in the rock and drank from it and washed her face and hands. Then she climbed up the rock to see the eagles. The young eagles were alone in the nest, but, presently Minnie saw the parents coming and bringing something for the little ones. When they came quite near, she saw that one of them had a fish and the other some small animal, like a rabbit or hare, but she could not be certain what it was. Minnie knew the two eagles apart, that is, she knew one from the other, because one was larger than the other, and the larger, she called the father, and yet she wondered why the father sat most on the nest and seemed to take most care of the eaglets; but she was mistaken for unlike most creatures, the female of the eagle and of most birds of prey, is larger and more daring than the male.

It was the mother that brought the fish, and she was flying foremost and had reached the nest before her mate had come within several yards of the rock. Both birds seemed suddenly to notice something which started them; the female lifted her head high and looked wildly around, and the other giving a loud shriek, dropped his prey and flew afar off.

Minnie went to the verge of the crag to see if she could discover what was the matter. She saw nothing, but presently heard at no great distance the report of a gun. In a moment more, she saw her pretty hind give a spring from out a thicket not far off, and she thought she perceived blood on its side. The creature gave but one bound and then Minnie thought she saw it fall, but the branches of the trees and the brush wood so far interrupted her view that she could not be sure of this. The hind was followed by a hunter and presently the fawn bounded along in the same direction.

In vain Minnie shouted and screamed to call the attention of the hunter from her pretty favorites. She hastened down and went as straight as she was able towards the place where she saw the hind. It was sometime before she could find it, though it was marked by a peculiar old stump of a tree, and by a large oak that stood near; but at length some drops of blood upon the bushes caught her eye, and she followed traces of it in the grass. Nothing was to be seen of the hind or the hunter and Minnie heard the poor fawn bleating for its mother. She called it, in the kindest tones, and in a few moments it bounded from out the thicket and came panting to where she stood.

Minnie wept to see how its little sides heaved as it threw itself down, exhausted, on the grass at her feet and looked piteously up in her face. She sat down by its side and stroked and patted it, telling it, over and over again, that she would be its mother. She found it was very much heated and must have been chased a long way, and supposing it might be thirsty, she thought she would try to get it some water. But how should she bring the water from the spring? She could not push her way



through the brush-wood with water in her hands, and if she put it in her straw hat, it would leak out. She went to the spring in the great rock, which was within sight, and took off one of her shoes, and holding it under where the water gushed out, till it was full, she carried it to the fawn who drank most thirstily. When she left him to go to the spring the fawn had risen and attempted to follow her, but he was so much exhausted that he soon stopped and laid down again, and Minnie when she returned, found him lying in the hot sun.

She coaxed and beckoned him into a shady place, and then she laid down beside him and caressed him till he seemed very quiet and comfortable, and his breathing grew more and more easy and he seemed to moan no more for his mother. Towards night he got up and went about, and ate the grass, while Minnie made a wreath of wild roses to adorn his neck.

After the sun had set, and the fire-flies began to glitter in the grass, Minnie went to her little wigwam and beckoned the fawn to follow, for she wished to know if there might be room in it for both. She crept in, and, lying close against the rock, was delighted to find that there was a pretty good space left. The fawn came close to the door way and put his head in, and when Minnie put out her hand and called him, he ventured timidly in. Minnie caressed him and spoke affectionately to him and then he laid himself down, close by her side.

Minnie lay sometime awake, thinking how glad her friends at home would be, if they only knew what a nice little place she had to sleep in; and she thought of all the things she should have to tell them of, whenever they should come, as she supposed they sometime would to

find her ; when she was startled at hearing a low growl, not far off. She opened her eyes and beheld a large, black creature coming along, close by her little enclosure. It was something like a shaggy, black dog, but much larger. The fawn was very much frightened and jumped up, but Minnie felt quite secure, enclosed by the stakes, little knowing that, had the creature chosen, he could have beaten them all down by one stroke of his paw. This, however, he did not seem inclined to do, but moving quietly along, put his nose into Minnie's hat, which she had left near by, with a stone in the bottom of it, to keep it from blowing away. "Aha !" said Minnie, "he will not find anything there yet, he had better have waited till morning, if he wants to steal my fruit and nuts."

The bear, for such the creature was, though Minnie did not know it, turned round again, and putting his nose in at the entrance of the enclosure, growled fiercely. The fawn struggled so that it took all Minnie's strength to hold him and it seemed to be she that the bear wanted. The poor little thing would probably have broken loose and sprung through the boughs, and thus have put himself in the bear's power, but Minnie, while she held him with all her might, looked the bear steadily in the face, with such an innocent and beseeching look, that the great creature, after giving her a very queer look with his funny eyes, walked growling away. The fawn became quiet again, though for sometime after, Minnie felt his little heart beating very hard ; but he fell asleep before a great while.

(To be continued.)